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A Call to Our Men

and

Other Poems.

BY

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LONDON:
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29, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

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A CALL TO OUR MEN.

Come forward men of England, come take your rightful places,
There's nobler work for you to do than watching football races,
Will you let a brutal nation invade the land you love?
Shall your sisters and your mothers cry in vain to God above?

God helps those who help themselves,
Then answer to the call,
For Home, and King, and Country,
To conquer, or to fall.

'Tis yours to guard old England from a cruel treacherous foe,
'Tis yours to lend a willing hand in their final overthrow;
Yours to avenge the slaughter of women, true and brave,
And the murder of the children, sent by ruffians to their grave.

God helps those who help themselves,
Then forward at the call,
For Home, and King, and Country,
To conquer, or to fall.

There's a loud cry from the trenches, 'Come, help us in our need,
'Tis *numbers* we are wanting, only *numbers* can succeed;

For as we mow them down with rifle, shot and shell,
Fresh thousands rise before us, and the fighting is like hell.

God helps those who help themselves,
Then forward at the call,
For Home, and King, and Country,
To conquer, or to fall.

Men of England! look, and see, how from the East they come,
Those dusky tribes of India, from the country of the sun;
And from our mighty colonies they press with one accord,
To render loyal service to their King and Sovereign Lord.

God helps those who help themselves,
Then forward at the call,
For Home, and King, and Country,
To conquer, or to fall.

IN MEMORIAM.

Our Emperor King has gone, has passed beyond recall,
How little dreamt his subjects of the blow about to fall;
How little realised the meaning, of those wires flying,
Telling us in language veiled that our King was dying.
In a maze we watched and waited, we could only pray,
That this life to us so precious, might not pass away.

Steadfastly and earnestly, toiling to the last,
Yielding not to human weakness, so our great King passed;
And in that quiet chamber, as the midnight neared,
Noislessly there entered, the visitor so feared.
Then in the hush that followed, came the brush of angels' wings,
And we knew that pain and sorrow were over for our King.

But a cloud of grief and anguish, has swept across our land,
And brother calls to brother, as we clasp each other's hand;
From kingdoms far away, over oceans broad and wide,
The sympathy of suffering, all other feelings hide.
The coloured and the white men, of his kingdom great and vast,
Bow their heads in silent sorrow, that their Emperor has passed.

And what of her who through these years, beloved Consort Queen,
The fairest and the sweetest England has ever seen;
To her whose tenderness and love, in every human woe,
Have won for her a deathless place in hearts of high and low.
To her we offer sympathy, true and deep, and strong,
Imploring God to bless her and spare her to us long.

A WIFE'S FAREWELL.

Yes, I can say farewell, can speed thee on thy way,
And with thy little ones remain, to think of thee, and pray;
I would not *dare* to keep thee back when King and country call,
And I know that God Almighty is above and over all.

I know not when or where we two shall meet again,
But I know thou wilt be covered with glory, not with shame;
I feel this in my heart, and can in patience wait,
Trusting the righteous Judge who sitteth in the gate.

And so goodbye my husband, fear not I shall be strong,
Whether the time be short, or whether it be long;
Pray, and fight on, rememb'ring that in life and death I'm thine;
And for Time and for Eternity I know that thou art mine.

THE OLD YEAR.

An old man and a little child,
Of lovely aspect, radiant, mild,
Together met; one wrinkled, worn,
The other fresh as opening dawn.

The old man looked upon the child,
And sadly, very sadly, smiled,
Then said " My call by Angels borne,
Will reach me ere the rising morn.

This very night I take my sheet
And lay it at the Master's feet;
Record of all that has been done,
Whilst I my earthly course have run.

But thou, fair child I leave behind;
Oh, to this struggling world be kind,
Bring sorrows, few, bring joy and light,
And make all weary hearts grow bright.

Now I must pass upon my way,
And heavy is my work to-day,
For through this teeming world so wide,
See Death and Life walk side by side.

One is taking, one is bringing,
Funeral dirges mix with singing,
So the Great Creator willed;
Thus his pleasure is fulfilled.

All the cravings, strivings, yearnings,
All the straight and crooked turnings,
All temptations, failings, sins,
Every victory mortal wins.

These must in my record come,
Ere I can say my work is done,
And pray this world may long survive
The Old Year Nineteen hundred Five."

QUEEN VICTORIA.

In Memoriam.

The call has come at last, the work of life is done,
Bravely the battle has been fought, the earthly race
been run;
Now the fiat has gone forth from the throne of the
Most High,
And the dusky King of Terrors with his icy breath
sweeps by.

Onward and even onward e'en to the palace gate,
And none can stay his entrance and none can bid him
wait;
On to that sacred chamber where fond hearts watch
and pray,
Here enters that dread messenger and pauses on his
way.

Then, sudden, a nameless something thrills through
the hearts of all,
They feel an unseen presence and a deeper shadow
fall,
And in that solemn pause, the Spirit call is heard,
And the weary soul prepares for flight at the sound
of a whispered word.

But, oh, to that faithful servant how gently the
summons come,
How softly the Master's voice proclaims her earthly
work is done;
And calls on the tired spirit to leave its home of clay,
And pass from the gloom of earth to the realms of
eternal day.

So without pain or suffering, without a struggle or sigh,
Our loved one passes from us to her Heavenly home on high;
Her life to the people she loved has been nobly, freely given,
What wonder the hearts of thousands with sorrow and pain are riven.

What wonder in palace and cottage, in cabin as well as hall,
The mourner's voice is uplifted, the tears of a nation fall?
Ah, let us follow where *she led*, seek where *she* sought for strength,
And make our England glorious throughout her breadth and length.

"TRUST HIM."

"Every morning in its beauty, speaks of His unchanging love.
Every evening softly falling, tells He watches from above.
Every hour which speeds us onward nearer to the Great Unknown
Says a Heavenly Father guards us even from the Eternal Throne."

"Every minute, every second, as they in their order course,
Speak in tones that cannot falter of a great Almighty Force;

Ordering, ruling, holding, keeping, strong and feeble
by His might,
Not the weakest, not the frailest, ever hidden from
His sight."

"Yet we falter, and we stumble, feeling not that touch
Divine,
Hearing not His voice which whispers 'Ye are not
your own, but mine;
Through earth's terrors I will guide you, hold you safe
within my hand
Till all doubts and trials ended you have reached the
promised land."

XMAS.

"Hail blessed time
Hark to the chime
As it bursts on the ear.
Put aside sorrow
Now till to-morrow
Cast away fear;
For all the earth with song is ringing,
Angel Hosts above are singing,
And bright Cherubs too are hymning
'Glory to the new born King.'"

"How the notes swell!
Of glad joy they tell
Of Love All Divine,

Heart still thy beating
In Heaven there's meeting
To part never more.
Come with me now to the stable lowly,
Kneel and adore the Infant Holy
The God who has left a Throne for a manger
Worship with awe the wondrous Stranger."

"Raise thy voice loudly"
Joyfully, proudly,
Forward thy claim.
Cease, cease thy mourning
Bright light is dawning
Clouds flee away.
Woman thrice blessed above all other
Exalted to be, the Saviour's Mother,
Oft in thine arms 'gainst thy gentle breast
In slumber sweet shall the God Child rest.

"But the parting must come
Ere all is done,
And the Victory won;
Purest of women,
Large tears are dimming,
Those eyes serene.
But Mary looks upward beyond the sky
Where He Who must suffer, shall reign on high,
She loves, she must lose, but with glance fixed above,
She sees only her Lord, her Saviour, her Love."

AN ALLEGORY ON THE OLD YEAR.

"Lift me in the bed, mother, put the door ajar;
For in the distance I can hear his footsteps from afar;
Prop me up with pillows, it is growing late,
But I must see the Old Year, oh, I must try to wait.

"My time is getting very near, the sky is opening wide;
But I want to go away with Him, to enter at His side."
The mother held her darling up, but strength was failing fast,
Yet even then a figure through the open doorway passed.

A man with hoary locks, all bent and worn with age,
And in his hand an open book just turned at the last page;
Pale was the face, and dark the eyes, yet shone with burning light,
As though the fragile form in them had centred all its might.

Straight to the bedside then he came, and leaning o'er the child,
"My daughter, are you ready?" he said, and gravely smiled.
"Yes, dear Old Year," she answered, "but before I pass away,
There is something I've been longing for many weeks to say.

"You have brought to me the sun, whose glorious shining rays
Have thrilled my heart with gladness through all the summer days.
And though I knew the time was near, when I should have to go,
My joy in the bright, bright sunshine no one can ever know."

The old man took her hand and said, "Our Father up above,
Will not refuse your grateful thanks for all His wondrous love.
Thousands this night will pass with us, away to that bright Home,
Where sunshine reigns for ever, and no one is alone."

He ceased, and all seemed darker, the shadows deeper fell;
Yet life, not death, appeared within, that narrow room to dwell;
The air seemed filled with motion, with forces all unseen,
The dear Old Year had vanished as in a passing dream.

And now upon the waiting world the midnight chimes burst out,
Greeted by thousands everywhere with jubilee and shout;
One, two, three, four, and, ere the last deep stroke,
The soul of that fair child in the Heavenly realms awoke.

"MY LOVE."

I loved her for her beauty, I loved her for her grace,
For her loyalty to duty, for her bright and winsome face,
For her tender thought for others, who were ever in her mind;
They were sisters, they were brothers—all the sufferers she could find.

I loved her for her mastery o'er her temper hot and strong,
And the courage, never failing to acknowledge she was wrong;
For the firm, enduring spirit with which she fought the fight;
Now vanquished, but then conqueror in her Royal Master's Might.

For Excelsior was her motto, and she would not look behind,
But onward, ever onward, until the hill was climbed.
Oh, I loved her for her frailty—no perfection here was found,
On pedestal erected, or in virtue wrapt around.

Only a struggling woman, clasping her Father's hand,
And in patience journeying forward towards the promised land;
And still I loved her, when my hopes the brightest, fairest, fell,
And with trembling voice she told me, I must think that all was well;

That through her earthly life, she felt, that she must walk alone,
Giving up love, for His dear sake Who left for us His Throne;
And though 'tis but in Friendship's name, I dare to call her mine,
I shall love her with an endless love—reaching beyond all time.

MAGERSFONTEIN.

In Memoriam.

High in the vault of heaven the moon shines calm and clear
Over the English homesteads, to English hearts so dear,
And the brilliant stars their bright light fling over the trackless deep,
And over the land so far away where our gallant heroes sleep.
After the din of battle how silent and still they rest,
They have passed through the valley of shadows to the land that is ever blest.

Sing to the brave who knew no fear,
Who gave up all their hearts held dear,
Who died for their Queen and country.

Can we believe it who sit at home by the quiet fireside,
How facing death, for honour's sake, our brothers have fought and died?
When we speak of Magersfontein let us lift our heads on high,
That day taught other nations how the British live and die.
And its story shall be wafted north, south, east, and west,
And shall find a ringing echo in every true man's breast.

Sing to the brave who knew no fear,
Who gave up all their hearts held dear,
Who died for their Queen and country.

Three British cheers ring through the air at the sound of the battle call,
Each man is ready to live or die, ready to conquer or fall;
Forward to storm the kopje, forward to seize those heights,
In the face of that sheet of fire, in the face of those blazing lights,
In the face of those cruel wires hidden away in the grass,
Entangling and tripping the feet of those who are striving to pass.

Sing to the brave who knew no fear,
Who gave up all their hearts held dear,
Who died for their Queen and country.

Then the searchlights fell on the Highland ranks, and
the death fire swept its way,
And at once two hundred gallant men upon the veldt
grass lay;
A moment they stagger and waver, but the General's
voice rings out,
"Steady, men, steady!" and "Forward!" goes echo-
ing round about,
Riddled with bullets and bleeding to death he has
struggled on hands and knees,
And once more the loved voice of command is borne
forth on the morning breeze.

Sing to the brave who knew no fear,
Who gave up all their hearts held dear,
Who died for their Queen and country.

They answer that call with frantic cries, and rush on
'neath the deadly fire,
Floundering and staggering and wounded, caught in
the hidden wire,
The flower of Scottish chivalry sinks down to rise no
more,
And ever the din of battle grows, and louder still the
roar;
Then at last they fall back, when the dead and the
dying in masses are heaped around,
And their noble General Wauchope lies stretched
upon the ground.

Sing to the brave who knew no fear,
Who gave up all their hearts held dear,
Who died for their Queen and country.

"A CRY FOR THE MASSES"; ORIGINAL.

Oh, how well for weary feet
To leave the crowded, noisy street,
To tread the wood and forest glades,
And wander 'neath their sylvan shades.

Well, for dull and aching eyes,
Straining 'till the firelight dies,
To watch the fleecy clouds sail by,
In the softly shaded sky;

For the tired, patient hands,
Ever sewing seams and bands,
To lie at rest where all around
Speaks of God in sight and sound.

Hearts are breaking for light and air;
Souls are dying for love and care;
Bodies wasting from want and woe,
Await with joy their sternest foe.

In fevered court and attic high,
They move and breathe, and live and die;
Birds and blossoms are seen in dreams,
Babbling brooks and rushing streams.

Oh, my sisters, Oh, my brothers!
Waken to the griefs of others;
Rouse you at the bitter cry
Ascending up to God on high.

Whilst in mazy dance you glide,
Or in glittering carriage ride,
Decked in jewels, rich and rare,
Costly silks and satins fair.

Near you—Oh, so near your door,
Lost amid the Babel roar,
Want and misery cry aloud;
Death stalks through the busy crowd;

Enters those dark courts, so vile,
To be welcomed with a smile:
Hailed as a deliverer come
To say life's weary work is done;

Stretches motionless the form,
And the tired eyes and worn,
With his icy fingers closes—
And the worn out frame reposes.

In that sleep, so vast and deep,
None requires watch to keep;
Pain is over; anguish gone;
Night is swallowed up in Morn!

A PLEA FOR THE HELPLESS.

Oh, dear and glorious England, where are the days of old?
What of the deeds of chivalry our ancestors have told?
When the sword of every warrior in the cause of the oppressed,
Flashed to avenge their honour and fulfil their high behest;
Then all was rough and ready, but all was brave and true,
No stain upon their 'scutcheon, no treachery they knew,
The gallant steed that bore them was as a friend long tried,
And tender care was lavished on the brave hound at their side.

Now Torquemadas walk our streets and deeds are done to-day
Which might make the angels shudder, and trembling turn away;
And God the Life Creator, the Source, the Fount of Love,
Who made man in His image, looks down from Heaven above;
He sees His suffering creatures so patient in their woes;
He sees each hellish deed, He counts those pangs, those throes,
And for every living creature wantonly done to death,
Our God will claim a reck'ning, for He gave to each their breath.

Those animals so innocent, so trusting, and so true,
They will lick the hand that tortures, but for mercy cannot sue.
They are dumb! oh, sisters! brothers! they cannot speak one word,
But their moans and cries of agony, I thank Thee, God, are heard.
And the reckoning must come, for each life He claims His own,
And a God of Perfect Justice will never sin condone;
No, though 'tis covered over and dressed in Science's name,
He lifts the veil, and looks within,—the sin is there the same.

Oh can it be that Englishmen, to savages are turned,
That lust for blood usurps the hearts, that once with mercy burned?
Oh men and women rouse you, and join with one accord,
Rise up against this evil which is scattered far abroad.
Shall animals who cling to man and look to him for all,
Send up their piteous cries in vain; in vain for mercy call?
Oh ye who know not of the crimes committed every day,
Pause in your joyous, careless life, and listen by the way.

Listen to voices speaking, read, and shrink not from pain,

The surgeon's knife must probe the wound, ere it will heal again.
Into those torture chambers, where the world may not come,
The King of Love can enter, and see the foul deeds done;
Can see His patient creatures, strapped down, and racked, and maimed,
Can hear their groans of anguish, and note those eyeballs strained,
"Vengeance is mine, I will repay," the Lord Almighty saith,
Oh Gracious God come quickly, and save from dreadful death!

"AN APPEAL."

"Has it come to this, that England, chief power in all the world,
Must through luxury, pleasure, and sloth, from her pinacle be hurled,
Can it be that the Ruler of Destinies shall herself take a lower place,
And resign her rank and power to the hands of an alien race?
Shall she only awake from her madness in time to be just too late
To rescue the honour of England from its impending fate?"

"Shall she open her eyes at last from their heavy lotus sleep,
To see sailing round her coasts the ships of another fleet
Oh! I burn at the thought, I think of the past, I know not the dear old land,
But I would that the form of Nelson before us again could stand,
I would that his mighty spirit could rise from his lonely grave,
And be present again in our midst—to rule, to conquer, to save."

"O mothers of England arise, from your pleasures and your play,
For every hour brings nearer a terrible reckoning day;
Are ye training your sons and your daughters to be noble, honest, and true?
Or bringing them up to a life which has pleasure alone in view?
Where Religion takes a back seat, and Sunday is swept away,
And glory, honour, and duty, belong to a bygone day."

"Short is the time now left us, England must rise or fall,
From far and near and everywhere, sounds the insistent call,
'The Philistines are on us,' act ere it be too late,
Our foes are crowding round us, yet still we sleep and wait,
And soon the fatal hour will strike, a strange funereal knell,
Tolling the death of England to the hearts that loved her well."

THE LADY HELP.

Mrs. B.:

"Miss Green, I am really thankful you've come,
These beautiful cutlets will *never* be done,
For an hour or more I've been standing about,
And with doing *your* work I am quite tired out
The lessons should *always* be over by twelve,
And the books put neatly away in their shelves.
Your want of method is sad indeed,
And the orders given you never heed,
Now put the potato chips in the pan,
And fry them as brown and crisp as you can,
My friend comes to lunch exactly at one,
But I can't stay to talk for I must run,
I shall hardly now have time to dress,
The table cloth is in the press
The chicken and ham in the larder you'll find,
And grate in the pudding some lemon rind."

(Exit).

Miss Green. Alone.

"Oh how can I bear such a life to lead,
No time for music, no time to read,
From morn to eve I work and slave
I would almost as soon be in my grave,
Tired and weary I go to bed,
Still tired and weary I lift my head
And the dull routine begins again
Till I wonder if I am getting insane."

Mrs. B. (Alone):

"And now the children have to be dressed
And their little white frocks have never been pressed,
I do *so* hope Miss Green will find time,
To see to it all before they dine.
Oh if only I could keep a nurse,
But I've never a penny in my purse,
'Tis true my dress comes to fifty a year,
And besides that I've two young children to rear,
But out of the house purse *twelve pounds* goes
To keep Miss Green in her dainty clothes.
Miss Green, Miss Green, there's the garden gate,
I beg you wont let my visitor wait,
Oh *do* be quick and hurry up stairs,
And I hope you dusted the drawing room chairs;
Just light the gas fire but leave it low,
And say I'll be down in a minute or so,
There peals the bell it'll break I'm sure
Hurry *do* hurry and open the door."

MRS. DUNN (Shaking hands):

"How are you, my dear, after all this time
It's really an age since you asked me to dine,
Lunch I should say, *you* prefer the word
And others also, so I've heard.
Now tell me *do* who opened the door
With those *lovely* eyes cast down to the floor,
And lashes so long they brushed her cheek,
And expression so gentle, mournful and meek?"

Mrs. B.:

"Why that's only my lady help, Miss Green,
And as vain a girl as ever I've seen."

Mrs. D.:

"Well I call her lovely, I wish she were mine,
For housework she's far too fragile and fine."

Miss Green:

"The lunch is ready, but I am not able
To carry all up *and* wait at table."

Mrs. D.:

"Pray leave me, my dear, and help her a bit,
For any hard work she looks hardly fit."

Mrs. B.:

"Hard work!! I assure you there is none,
An active bright girl would soon have it done."

(Exit).

Mrs. D.:

"A sadder face have I seen never
And Jane is exacting and selfish as ever,
No matter how bold I may seem to be
My duty before me plainly I see."

Mrs. B. (Scarlet carrying a dish):

"You will leave me this day month Miss Green,
Such impertinence I have never seen."

Miss Green:

"Madam. indeed my strength is gone,

I never felt so tired and worn.
I have slaved for you, but the time is past
And I shall have my freedom at last.
I would rather beg in the wind and rain
Than *ever* be lady help again."

Mrs. D.:
"What beautiful cutlets, my dear, to be sure,
Yes I really think I could eat one more;
I quite remember of old your skill,
You took to the cooking with right good will."

Mrs. B. (Bridling):
" I do not cook when I have to pay
Though 'tis true I made the pudding to-day.
I engaged Miss Green all that to do
And little enough of the business *she* knew.
She said she could teach the children to read
And it's not much instruction such little ones need,
Just spelling, and tables, and pothooks to make,
And then a short morning walk to take,
I'm sure I can see no ground for complaint,
Or putting on airs and pretending to faint."

Mrs. D.:
" Listen, my dear, to the voice of a friend
Whose long life is drawing near its end.
The best machine will soon be spoiled
If not from time to time well oiled,
And a young life needs the loving word
And the tender accent so seldom heard,
And still more so when far from home

Fighting the cruel world alone.
You should cast forth rays of light, my dear,
That sad and lonely heart to cheer.
But here come the children such nice little trots,
And how pretty they look in their dainty frocks!
I *must* go, my train leaves at half past two
And in town I've heaps of shopping to do.
But come very soon and spend a long day
And bring with you Alice and little May,
Also Miss Green I shall *hope* to see,
It will give a *great* deal of pleasure to me."

Mrs. B. (Alone):

"That horrid woman has gone at last,
Oh! what a dreadful time I've passed!
In my *very* own house thus to lecture *me*
There's one thing, Miss Green she shall *never* see.
I'm thankful I gave her notice to-day,
I had but one course to send her away.
But who *can* that be at the garden gate?
I'll just hurry down and not let him wait,
Such a tall and a fine looking man to be sure,
And yes! I am right, coming up to the door.
It must be the new vicar to make his first call,
I shall just run and put on my Cashmere shawl,
Miss Green is upstairs and wont hear the bell,
Perhaps all things considered it may be as well.

Mrs. B. (opening the hall door):

Do *pray* come in, I'm *so* glad I'm at home,
And just disengaged and quite alone."

Vicar:

"Pardon me, Madam, is Miss Green here?
My visit is somewhat early I fear,
Most urgent business must plead for me
In this haste my dear young friend to see."

Mrs. B. (icily):

"All this, Sir, seems to me most strange,
But my household arrangements I never change,
Miss Green has an afternoon each week,
Then you can both most easily meet.
She is too engaged to see you to-day,
Most sorry to have to send you away."

Vicar:

"Madam, excuse me, I carry through
All that I find it my duty to do.
Please dont be sorry there is no need,
I shall not stir until I succeed.
I hear on the stairs a voice I know
Permit me, Madam, to pass you so,
She has heard me speaking of that I am sure,
So I venture to step through the open door."

Miss Green (rushing to meet him):

"Donald, Oh, can it indeed be you,
I can hardly believe that it is true,
I thought you'd forgotten, I never heard,
To comfort, or cheer me, one little word."

Vicar (clasping her in his arms):

"You were not to hear till the goal was won,

You were not to hear until all was done.
But now I have brought my glad surprise
And a beautiful life before us lies;
The appointment is made, the church is *mine*
And I, for evermore am thine."

Mrs. B. (retreating into dining room):
"My senses deceive me, my brain seems reeling
And Oh, how sick and ill I'm feeling.
To think of my upstart Lady Help
The wife of the Rev. Donald Phelp.
Now I remember *that* was the name,
I heard it last week at a croquet game,
When they laughed and chaffed because he'd no wife,
And said there'd be jealousy, envy *and* strife;
And perhaps I felt a faint hope dawn
That he might fancy a widow forlorn,
That the troubles of life might be over for me,
And my bark sail along in a calmer sea.
However, the end has quickly come,
There's nothing more to be said or done,
But as he's the Vicar appointed here
I shall be most uncomfortably placed I fear.
I've not made her life too pleasant I doubt,
For the olive branch to be soon held out.
Oh how I wish I had never seen,
That vain, conceited, and proud Miss Green."
(Exit weeping).